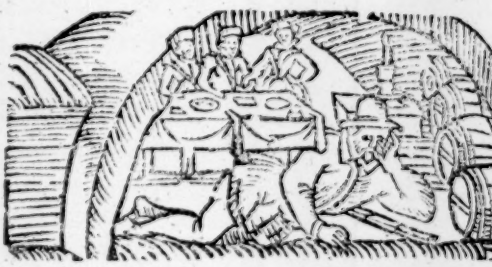
The Cheating Age:

Or LEONARD of *Lincolnes* iourney to *LONDON* to buy Wit

To a pleasant new tune.



From olde famous Lincolne that's seated so hye,
Well mounted and furnisht, with gold tide I flye,
To Londons fam'd Citie some wit for to buy,
Which cost me so deare, makes me sigh, sob, and cry.
For this is the cheating Age,
For this isthe cheating Age.

Before I had entred Bishops lowde gate,
The [illegible]
[illegible]
And made me confume there moſt part of my ſtate.
For this is the cheating Age,&c.

For after a neate comly French ſalutation,
His tongue he did ſtore in ſuch a ſtrut faſhion,
As I for to heare him amazed did ſtand,
But ere the Drawer me pull'd by the hand.
For this is the cheating Age,&c.

When each one had taſted a cup two or three,
With knowledge of Country and kindred had woe,
Yea bountifull Bacchus with us did agree,
That we till this houre did each other ſee.
For this is the cheating Age,&c.

Of all my affaires I made him reply:
And tolde him my comming was wit for to buy:
(quoth he) I'le be friend you with that preſently,
And vnlatcht a winde of that Weſtward did flye.
For this is the cheating Age,&c.

Then ſtraight a ſtrange whiſtle he to the ſtreet ſends,
Audaciouſly blowne from his Thewes fingers ends,
The Drawer runs vp, ſayes, there's ſome of your friends
Hath call'd for ſome wine, and your comming attends.
For this is the cheating Age,&c.

He cheard me, and tolde me, for them he had ſent:
Who'ld teach me wit gratis ere homeward I went:
But I ne're miſdoubting, the knauery he meant,
Haue ſwallow'd a baite which hath made me repent.
For this is the cheating Age,&c.

Vp ſtraight comes a Roarer with long ſhaggy lockes,
Now broke out frō Newgate, the Cage, or ſome Stocks,
Driſle from the Spittle, baſe cur'd of the Pox,
But I'le careſull be, leaſt he pepper my box.
For this is the cheating Age,&c.

This tottered grim Raſcall amaz'd me to heare,
The terrible oathes which for nothing he ware,
With that ſtampt his foote, and ſtraightway did appeare
Such horrible faces that made me to feare.
For this is the cheating age,&c.

Vp marches two creatures in tome tottered caſes,
With long ruſtie Rapiers, ſwolne eyes, patcht faces,
As if that blacke Pluto from Limbo had ſent,
Theſe horrid grim viſions to make vs repent.
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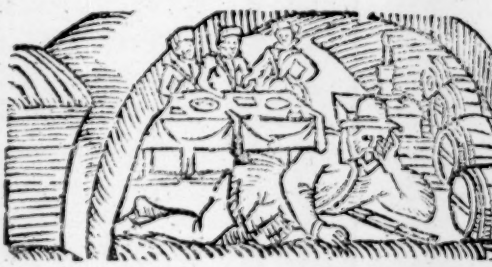

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The second part. To the same tune.

My former Companion straight rise from the bord,
And courteous kinde greeting to them did afford:
Saying, pray sir bid welcome my friends of the sword,
That gains credit by deeds sir, and not by their word:
For this is the cheating age, &c.

First hauing saluted, we sate downe againe,
And call'd for Tobacco, burnt Claret amaine:
The Drawer officious to giue vs our bane,
With cups plyed vs hard to put's out of our paine.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

These chimney nod-Rascals did make such a smother,
I ne're saw the like since I came from my mother:
Such clouds of blew vapour frō their nosthrils did come,
Had like for to choakt me, and fired the roome.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

Then vp comes a Port with a Rooke at his taile,
That feeds all the Winter of Toasts drown'd in Ale,
And in the Summer so setteth to sale,
Inuentions of others before, his time stale.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

Then straightway one calls to the barre-Boy for Dice,
Which wrapt in a paper, was brought in a trice,
Requesting to put off a little odde time,
They lastly play for no more then a pottle of Wine.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

I gaue my consent, and with them did play,
From nine for dry money, till next breake of day,
Where vext at my losses, I set at one cast,
Full forty good pounds to be rid of my last.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

My money being set, the cast straight was thrown:
And he like the diuell cride, All is mine owne:
So euery penny he from me did get,
And bad me to Lincolne goe backe by my wit.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

They hauing my money, did all steale away,
And left me with nothing, fiue pound for to pay:
But my cloake lin'd with velvet, & my rapier guilt gay,
Did make cleane the score, and all charges defray.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

A Por of all Cheaters, and grim roaring Boyes,
All roking base Pandars and nitty Decoyes:
And all that make practise to thriue by such sleights,
The three cornerd night-cap once cocker their wits.
For this is the cheating age, &c.

Now Leonard of Lincolne with griefe bids adieu,
My iourney to London long time I shall rue:
I ne're in my life met with villaines so vilde,
To send a man home like the Prodigall Childe.
For this is the cheating age.
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